POETIC LAURELS

FOR

CHARACTERS OF DISTINGUISHED MERIT.

[PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.]

MARIA & HARRIET FALCONAR.

Engraved by E. Scott from a Drawing by R. Cosway

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POETIC LAURELS

FOR

CHARACTERS OF DISTINGUISHED MERIT;

INTERSPERSED WITH

POEMS, MORAL AND ENTERTAINING:

DEDICATED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES,

BY MARIA AND HARRIET FALCONAR,

AUTHORS OF

A COLLECTION OF POEMS,

AND

SLAVERY, A TRACT.

Immortal Train, who guide the maze of song,
To whom all Science, Arts and Arms belong,
Who bid the trumpet of eternal Fame
Exalt the Warrior's and the Poet's name;
If ere with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,
In life's fair morn beneath your hallow'd shade,
With living colours give my verse to glow.

FALCONAR'S SHIPWRECK.

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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

TO ſuch a Prince, the high-toned voice of admiration is too familiar to be gratifying; nor from the pen of a Dedicator would it flow gracefully. But exalted eſteem, though in a ſphere infinitely remote from that in which you move, excites the airy votaries of the Muſe to flit inviſibly round you; and the wild flow'rets they bring with the artleſs vivacity of hope, you will wear without a bluſh, as their leaves are neither tainted by the corrupt breath of adulation, nor ſullied by the ſlighteſt ſhade of intereſt. As the Soul of Taſte, one ray of your approbation will throw a ſettled luſtre on our infant fame; your patronage will give fervor to genius and add fire to imagination; yet, while it gratifies our hearts, it cannot render us obtruſive. The love of fame is an univerſal paſſion; and the Muſe that once flouriſhes under your auſpices, would have nothing left to ſolicit, when her moſt ardent hopes were realiſed.

To ſuch judgment theſe efforts are offered with timidity; but to ſuch indulgent liberality we truſt them with chearful confidence; and if they ſhould become the happy ſubjects of amuſement, for one moment of your valuable life, the hours of pleaſing retirement that produced them, will henceforth be numbered among thoſe periods of exiſtence, to which the heart loves to revert; and on which, while it glows with the pure flame of gratitude, it will ever reſt with ineffable delight.

I have the Honour to be

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Moſt reſpectfully devoted Servant,

HARRIET FALCONAR.

PREFACE.

THE Author who prefaces herſelf, or to write literally, her labours, ſhould be peculiarly aſſiſted by humility in the illuſtration of them; and indeed few are ſo little under the influence of ſelf-love, as to cruſh the embryo praiſe of fancied merit, or ſubdue the reſtleſs inherent wiſh of diſplaying ſome exuberance of genius to advantage.

Our endeavours, therefore, in ſo delicate a ſituation, ſhould be directed to apologiſe, not applaud; to bring forward our moſt modeſt reaſons for publiſhing, without attributing too much perfection to the very uſurper we apologiſe for.

Of our three Poetic Publications, the firſt and ſecond were written at the early ages of ſeventeen and fourteen, the recent one three years after—the enſuing Work is much more correct, and leſs juvenile in its compoſition, and the characters are ſelected merely by opinion—without the virulence of party, or the bias of intereſt; the Muſe of Nature only praiſes where ſhe feels, and knows the tribute juſtly paid.

Our motives for continuing the literary career we advantageouſly began, are too unintereſting to be advanced: they are ſuch as would by no means juſtify the confidence of faſtening on the public opinion, ſubjects treated ſo as to diſguſt its propriety—but will, perhaps, tend to ſoften the rigour of critical delicacy, and take away the ſting of being thought intruders on the favour of the world.

If to our unambitious views, the Parnaſſian ſoil we labour on repays its culture in the produce of general approbation, and an occupation of ſo delightful a nature, at once ſatisfies our wiſhes and adds nameleſs charms to exiſtence, the motive will ſhield us from aſcribed vanity, and the reſult juſtifies perſeverance.

The names prefixed to this are leſs by 400 than to the firſt: but the ſame exertions have not been made, as our truſt in the good opinion of our friends has induced us to believe they would not require a ſecond perſonal application.

The ſmiles of public favour and private patronage, have anſwered our moſt extenſive expectations; and we have little left to hope, but that we may continue to deſerve them.

A PRE-

A PREFATORY EPISTLE.

STAY, gentle Child of Taſte! whoe'er thou art,
Liſten, for Mercy's ſake, and take our part;
See where the critics, poring o'er our book,
Threat with each motion, kill with ev'ry look,
Growl o'er the title page—What's here, Miſs Flirt!
You'd better make a pudding—or a ſhirt;
Poetic Laurels! there's a pretty puff!
Poor ſilly wenches, what a ſtring of ſtuff!
Sure madneſs rages now with ev'ry woman,
And when one fav'rite ſcheme has grown too common,
With matchleſs art ſhe ſtrikes ſome Novel's plan,
To ſooth her pride and tyrannize o'er man;
Tells an affected ſentimental ſtory,
Or prates in ſenſeleſs rhymes of Fame and Glory.
Theſe modern Sapphos are conceited creatures,
They ſport their thoughts as others do their features;
Theſe but coquette it with a different part,
And ſeize the head, while others charm the heart.

'Twere beſt would each young woman mend her life,
And learn to be a decent, careful wife.
There goes my work—I'll find ſome fair pretence
To face the Board, and make my own defence;
May't pleaſe ye, Reverend Sirs, we own the crime,
So long to treſpaſs on your precious time;
And ſince you ſeem to think domeſtic fetters
Become us better than the love of letters,
Aſſiſt us, dear Meſſieurs—have you no friend,
Your ſons, perhaps yourſelves, to recommend;
Myſelf or ſiſter, bleſt with ſuch a mate,
Will quit ambition and the tuneful ſtate;
Conform ourſelves to be whate'er ye chuſe,
And ceaſe to plague you with the jabb'ring Muſe;
Nay, the laſt gleam of our poetic rays
Shall ſhine an Ode in Quarto to your praiſe.

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LINES

ADDRESSED TO M. AND H. FALCONAR,

BY MISS SAVAGE.

YE infant Muſes, that my verſe inſpire,
Who ſtrike with trembling hope Apollo's lyre;
And as the wild notes loudly vibrate round,
Catch and return the ſoft empaſſion'd ſound.
The Graces liſten, and with cadence ſweet,
Which Fame re-echoes the lov'd ſtrains repeat.
Dear virgin bards, bright ſhines your morning ray,
In ſplendid promiſe of the blaze of day;
Nor timid bluſh, if praiſe to merit due,
Admires the worth that ſhuns the public view.
Thus gems long hid firſt tremble at the light,
Then dazzle with their beams th' aſtoniſh'd ſight:
On either brow, in wild profuſion gay,
Has Fancy plac'd the earlieſt bloom of May;
While here and there a myrtle ſprig entwin'd,
Adorns the chaplet it but ſeems to bind;
So young, ſo graceful,—long may foſt'ring time,
Theſe young plants cheriſh in a friendly clime;
Expand each charm, the boaſt of future years,
With Favor's ſun and Rapture's ſacred tears.

To

To Miss MARIA FALCONAR.

THY ſweeter ſtrains forbear, too flatt'ring maid,
Nor praiſe the weakeſt of the tuneful throng;
The child of ſorrow in the dreary ſhade,
I ruminate on many a cruel wrong,
And cheer the moments with my minſtrel ſong.

If thorns beſet fair Falconar's hallow'd way,
The moſſy avenue was never mine;
Muſing o'er Nature's ample vale I ſtray,
An artleſs ſuppliant to the tuneful Nine,
Or guide the tendrils of my teeming vine.

No ſumptuous ſuites adorn my calm retreat,
But here the gentleſt ſympathy we prove,
As pure as permanent, as ſtrong as ſweet;
Around the ſmiling blooms we rear, we rove,
By mutual ſorrow taught the tend'reſt love.

Slander's deciſions, pitying we arraign,
Knowing that ſweeteſt flowers are rifled moſt;
Unknown to envy's poor, but fatal bane,
More, more than neutral charity we boaſt,
And cheer the poor forlorn that elſe were loſt.

What

What tho' my income aſks a ſparing hand,
And many a want my frugal arts ſupply;
What tho' no hoarded gold, no lineal land,
Bid rev'lling fancy ſatiate with joy,
The weak demand my aid, and ſhare my ſofteſt ſigh.

Be it my taſk to rear the tendril ſprays,
Too rudely ruffled by the unmanner'd wind;
Grateful to gaze on Nature's ſoft'ring rays,
And give me Heav'n to ſooth my ſorrowing mind,
Around the beating brow my ſilken band to bind.

My ſoft reflections Falconar will apply,
Has no fell Eurus her young hopes deſtroy'd,
Could gen'rous friendſhip lend her pain alloy;
Let not miſdeeming man the boaſt deride,
Its chaſteſt, warmeſt flames are here enjoy'd.

Come then, ſweet Muſe, I greet with humble fare;
But tho' the brook ſupply my homely bowl,
I boaſt that Innocence inhabits here;
" The Feaſt of Reaſon, and the Flow of Soul,"
A feaſt no wealth can buy, no pow'r control.

Ceaſe thou to be the child of abject fear,
The pow'rs of ſweeteſt harmony are thine;
May fate propitiate thy ev'ry prayer,
Fancy and taſte thy warbled notes refine,
That I can ſing their charms, the candid praiſe be mine.

CATHERINE STEPHENS.

From my Cottage, Wandſworth-road.

To Miss H. FALCONAR.

FORSOOK by Fortune, and oppreſt by Fate,
Far from the haunts of pleaſure and the great;
A lonely widow, in an humble cell,
With reſignation and the Muſe I dwell.
Ah! would that Muſe with half thy taſte inſpire,
And lend me once, 'tis all I aſk, thy lyre;
Fond of my lay, would hear its penſive ſtrain;
A Muſe like thine could never ſing in vain.
She then would ſhare thy converſe, hear thee ſing,
Learning by thine to touch a ſweeter ſtring;
Haſte then, ſweet maid, and with me deign to ſhare,
The glow of genius and ſoft pity's tear.

MARY DAWES BLACKETT.

Curzon-Street, May-Fair.

POEMS, &c.

ON THE RECOVERY OF HIS MAJESTY.

I.

HOW late the penſive Muſe on Albion's ſhore
Mourn'd o'er her uſeleſs harp, as to the wind
Wav'd her neglected hair,
A cypreſs garland her pale brow entwin'd;
Slowly ſhe wander'd where the rude waves roar,
Aiding their murmurs with a plaintive ſigh;
While mild in her expreſſive eye
The guſhing drops of ſorrow ſhone,
There melancholy ſat reclin'd,
Trembling as phrenzy hurl'd her thunders on a throne.

II.

No ſcene but theſe dark horrors frown'd,
Nor cottage low, nor palace proud;
The wail of woe was heard around,
And cherubs wept on ev'ry cloud,

A Health'

Health's ardent bluſh, and pleaſure's ſmile,
Conſum'd with conſtant care;
Devotion ſought the ſacred aiſle,
And pour'd perpetual pray'r.

III.

But who that holy eye ſhall paint,
Where ſhone the zeal ſhe felt,
That image, ſpotleſs as the ſaint
Before whoſe ſhrine ſhe knelt;
Soaring above this earthly mound,
Her fervent pray'rs acceptance found;
Relenting Heaven its wrath repeal'd,
And Mercy ſaw the mandate ſeal'd.

IV.

Ye blazing realms! ye temples pav'd with ſtars!
Where billowy floods of ſplendour roll,
Have ye not rung,
While many a blue-ey'd ſeraph ſung
Peace to the drooping ſoul,
And praiſe to Him who paſs'd the eternal bars;
And with a pow'r inſpiring love and fear,
Reſtor'd to a lamenting land a Sovereign dear.

Come,

V.

Come, ſylvan ſiſters! ye that haunt the grove,
Whoſe ſweet ſociety the Muſes love;
Oh! come with beauty's brighteſt look,
And round your garlands fling!
From ſunny bank, and fringed brook,
Your vernal honours bring;
Let pleaſure ſpread her purple ſail,
And ſongs of triumph float on ev'ry paſſing gale.

VI.

Spirits of light! who from th' angelic choir,
With high immortal muſic ſwell the ſky,
Your golden viols ſtrike with new-born fire,
And wave your ſhining diadems on high;
Let pride the ſplendid triumph raiſe,
And eloquence be ſpent in praiſe;
Let love and glory flutter round,
And joy, extatic joy abound;
Oh! bleſſing to Britannia's ſhore,
The Father of his people droops no more.

ANNA:

A PROPHETIC TALE.

THRO' the willow that droops on the wave,
The moon ſhed a ſilv'ry light,
When the accents of ſorrow and love
Juſt broke the ſoft ſtillneſs of night.

'Twas ANNA, the child of deſpair,
Whoſe moan ſwell'd the voice of the gale,
That bar'd her white breaſt in its flight,
And mingled its voice with her tale.

Ah! EDMUND, 'twas cruel, ſhe ſaid,
A boſom ſo weak to deceive;
Yet why was fond ANNA ſo true,
Or why did ſhe love and believe?

He ſaw me when health's freſheſt roſe
Had ting'd the ſoft ſnows of my face;
When the ſun of the morning aroſe,
On joys which I can but retrace.

The trophies that beam'd on his brow,
In the ſun-ſhine of Fame he had won,
And the day of his glories was full
Ere the morn of his manhood begun.

I ſaw, and I lov'd—my weak heart
Was fluſh'd with the paſſions of youth;
For he ſpoke with a ſeraph's ſweet ſmile,
And he look'd all the ſemblance of truth.

My boſom, my faith were his own,
The wreath of our nuptials were wove,
And the heart of his ANNA beat high
With the tranſports of hope and of love.

'Twas then the wild echo of war
Suppreſs'd ev'ry ſofter delight;
He ſigh'd me a faithleſs adieu,
And he fled like the meteor of night.

He conquer'd,—return'd,—and he bore
The banners of vict'ry along;
I heard the firſt ſound of his fame,
And my boſom reſponded her ſong.

He came in the pride of his ſoul,
  But to ANNA no chaplet he bore;
He ſigh'd,—but it was not for me;
  He ſaw,—but he lov'd me no more.

For EMYRA, the pride of a court,
  He forgot the dear choice of his youth;
EMYRA was ſplendour's proud child,
  And ſhe triumph'd o'er ANNA and truth.

But beware, thou fond queen of his heart,
  Of the ſoftneſs that melts in his eye,
Of the beauty that blooms on his cheek,
  For, like me, ſhalt thou ſorrow and die.

Proud ſpoiler of beauty and youth,
  Tho' the noon-beam of pleaſure may ſhine
When the pulſes of paſſion beat full,
  Yet the throb of remorſe ſhall be thine.

HARRIET FALCONAR.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF

SINCLAIR, EARL OF CAITHNESS:

AN ELEGIAC VISION.

LONELY I ſat the ſilver lake beſide,
Thro' heaven the moon did ſlowly glide,
Trembling on the dimpled tide;
While all around romantic beauty ſmil'd,
And of glories paſt, the ſoul
Along the ſolemn proſpect ſtole,
Breathing heroic lays magnificently wild.

Oft madly raving nigh this hallow'd ſtream,
Deſpair the earth's cold boſom preſt,
Till worn with woe, ſhe ſunk to reſt,
And wet with tears her own diſhevell'd hair;
Starting, dream'd of blood and war,
And by the light of yon pale ſtar,
Saw thro' the ſable air the ſanguine dagger gleam.

'Twas

'Twas midnight drear, when from her oozy bed
A blooming Naiad rais'd her head;
In ſoften'd dignity benignly ſmil'd,
Oh! ſhe was Fancy's fav'rite child!
What hand unſeen her graces nurſt,
Bade her infant beauties ſpread,
Or on her velvet cheek the ſummer's roſes burſt?

Her ſhining hair wav'd on her balmy breaſt,
The ſplendour of immortal bloom
Lighted each ſurrounding gloom,
As ſoft her foot the ſilver billows preſt;
But now the ſpell of ſilence broke,
Oh! heavenly harmony ſhe ſpoke,
In accents ſweetly wild, by penſive woe oppreſt.

" Siſters of the vocal ſhell,
" Prepare to leave your coral cell,
" On this ſedgy-border'd lake
" Pleaſure never more ſhall wake;
" There, you Naiads, ſit and mourn,
" Twine a wreath for SINCLAIR's Urn,
" And ſtrike the fun'ral note in each ſurrounding dell.

" On this rude ſhore no myrtles bloom,
" To droop upon the lover's tomb,
" But at midnight's ſilent hour,
" Steal to yonder moſſy tower,
" And bear from thence the ivy pale,
" That loves the dim funereal vale,
" And bid the mourning echoes wail your SINCLAIR's doom.

" Now the fated hour is nigh,
" Here, ye gentle ſiſters, fly;
" In your mourning robes be ſeen,
" Wilder weeds and darker green;
" For him, ye Naiads, drop a tear,
" Who pour'd his ſorrows on your ear,
" And fann'd your limpid ſtreams with many a tender ſigh."

Melodious as the ſilver-ſounding lute,
Her language did my ear ſalute,
The northern blaſt for once was mute;
And by the cliffs on yonder ſea-beat ſhore,
The haughty billows ceas'd to roar:
" The taſk of ſorrow will too ſoon
" Be mine," ſhe ſaid, and rais'd her blue eye to the moon.

Now near yon lofty rock that binds the deep,
Whoſe ſolid baſe the ſurges lave,
Wand'ring o'er the duſky wave,
The Ghoſt of SINCLAIR caught my ſight,
The pale, the bloody form, with footſteps light,
Gain'd the aſcent impaſſable and ſteep,
Upon whoſe ſhaggy top the ſea-bird breaks his flight.

There hover'd many a kindred ſhade,
Whoſe deeds had grac'd his noble line;
They met the raſh, the mournful ghoſt,
With frowns that ſpoke a ſtern deſign,
And groan'd, and pointed to the ſilent vault,
Once the retreat of what was honour's boaſt,
Now ſullied by a fatal fault:
There wander'd Suicide with viſage grim;
Her deſp'rate eyes did wildly glare,
And blood congeal'd her matted hair;
Or, as along the ſcene ſhe ſtray'd,
Ev'n on the vale of Death breath'd horror new,
And where her long, laſt gloom ſhe threw,
The lamp of fun'ral glory wan'd and burned dim.

MARIA FALCONAR.

STANZAS,

Reſpectfully addreſſed to the POET LAUREAT *of the* BRITISH ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

OH, SANGSTER! thou ſongſter moſt ſmuttily fir'd
With the zeal of a Muſe, who, by frolic inſpir'd,
Some aſhes had ſtole from the duſt-pan of Pindus,
And lighted, and puff'd up the magical cinders;
They flam'd in thy ſconce, what an object of ſport
For Apollo, the Muſes, and each of their court!
They laugh'd, while thy brains like a furnace was roaring,
And ſcarce could they manage to ſet thee a ſoaring.

Oh! tell us, thou warbler of Florida's ſhades,
What prompted thee firſt to invoke the wild maids?
You might hear of Parnaſſus, but never did know it,
Who thus have preſum'd on the name of a Poet;
Thou cobler of verſes! thy Society
Have plac'd their whole ſtock of *aſſurance* in thee.

On the day of their feaſt, and the day of thy glory,
Oh! had I thy grace to deliver my ſtory!
The Founder, the Poet, the Stewards, and Brothers,
Proceeded to dinner, attended by others;
When SANGSTER, it was, that thy muſical taſte
Made ample amends for a ſcanty repaſt;
But, perhaps, 'twas their maxim refin'd, tho' ſevere,
To eat a light dinner, and keep their pipes clear;
To ſhun the rude cuſtom of eating or drinking,
And ſeek for the rational pleaſures of thinking;
This was done like immortals, whoſe fame they profeſs,
'Twas to copy the Muſes, whoſe art they poſſeſs;
And whatever folks ſay, or whoever may know it,
I inſiſt that it look'd like the Feaſt of a Poet.

HARRIET FALCONAR.

TO

TO Mrs. CATHARINE STEVENS,

IN ANSWER TO A POEM INSCRIBED TO

MARIA FALCONAR.

WHENCE ſprung that floating melody? that ſound
Which ſtrikes the gale, and ſoftly thrills around!
What happy fav'rite of the tuneful maids,
Invites me to their conſecrated ſhades?
Sweet ſalutation! welcome to the ear
Of one who wears the tatter'd robe of fear;
Who hears thy hallow'd numbers fraught with love,
And comes the lowlieſt ſiſter of the grove:
Say, does the God of Verſe withdraw his beam,
That cheers the glade, and yields the billowy ſtream;
And give, to recompenſe the ſetting light,
A Philomel, to harmoniſe the night?
Sing on, kind bird! thy ſtrains ſo ſweetly ſtrong,
And I will envy thee that charming ſong:
Yet turn, miſtaken chauntreſs! quit my view,
That flatt'ring tribute cannot be my due;

You

You ſeek Parnaſſus as your native bow'r,
And claim the friendſhip of each tuneful pow'r:
Such never was my lot,—I aſk with fear,
And pay each bleſſing with a grateful tear;
A Pilgrim nigh their hallow'd haunts I ſtray,
And many a wounding thorn beſets my way;
Some Muſe, by chance, may ſmile to ſooth my care,
And fill my ſcanty ſcrip with ſimple fare;
But thro' their myrtle groves I never trod,
A choſen ſiſter of the bright-hair'd God;
Hopeleſs of fame, for me no glories ſhone,
And flatt'ry warbled to my ear unknown:
Yet, if her ſtrains be thine, inſpiring ſweet,
Let me adore the beautiful deceit;
Let me this cold, inglorious fear reſign,
And each ambitious, ardent hope be mine!
Daughter of heav'n-born harmony, deſcend!
Thou lov'd unknown, and guide a muſe-led friend!
Teach me to emulate thy trackleſs flight,
Till my wrapt fancy ſoar in viſions bright;
Let the ſame Muſe who wakes thy ſong, for mine
Breathe the wild note, and the ſame taſte refine.

MARIA FALCONAR.

A SONNET.

YE flow'rs! that dreſs my fav'rite lawn,
That tied ſo late my wand'ring treſſes;
Thou loud caſcade! that on the ear
An awful, murm'ring ſound impreſſes:

Sweet choriſters of Nature's ſcene!
That rung my little penſive bowers;
Ye muſky gales! that fleeting by,
Stole precious incenſe from the flowers:

To all your ſweets a long farewel!
Oh! how that ſound—yon wind returning,
Bears to my ſoul the moan of nature,
Clad in the robe of gen'ral mourning.

Ah me! the gentle ſwain, whoſe virtue
Sweet as his native Heaven did bloom,
Now tempts the rude hand of the battle;
Now haply droops upon his tomb.

The blooming ſcene of glowing morning,
Rich with the dew that drops around;
The grove re-echoing ſummer's muſic,
Breathes not to me a pleaſing ſound.

Damon is gone!—ye pitying Muſes,
Softly touch the ſilver lute;
Damon is gone!—ſweet Queen of Cypria,—
And ev'ry joyful voice is mute.

Parent of Love! the heart that mourns him,
Inſpire with hope, love's deareſt balm;
Whiſper in viſions—ſay, 'returning
'Damon ſhall bid thoſe moans be calm.'

In vain, 'till then, the ruſtic mountain,
Where my lorn feet love to tread,
Shall yield its ſhow'rs, and o'er the fountain
A weeping tribute fondly ſhed.

Theſe have I lov'd, but love no longer,
Nature, Art, Muſic, charm no more;
The ſigh of woe reſponſes ſtronger,
And ev'ry lovely dream is o'er.

Juliet Falconar.

ODE TO THE MOON.

SOFT, ſolemn Moon, romantic beam,
Bright nurſe of hope's deluſive dream!
Now the young night, with ſtarry brow,
Puts on her ſhining mantle ſlow,
To guide luxuriant fancy's dance;
Oh! ſhed thy grey, thy modeſt glance:
Oft prompted by ſome latent force,
My eyes have trac'd thy wand'ring courſe;
Now gleaming o'er the lofty fane,
Now thro' the ivy-ſhadow'd pane,
Lighting amid the gloomy aiſle,
A marble ſaint's expiring ſmile.

Here, what pure ætherial fires,
Illumin'd groves, and glitt'ring ſpires
Salute my view! and where the wood
Bends from the cliff, and ſhades the flood,
Wild Thetis waves her ſilv'ry hair,
Dancing with the playful air;

The hill, the grove, the diſtant tow'rs,
To muſing ſolitude,—theſe pow'rs,
Inſpiring wonders half divine,
Mild LUNA round thy temples ſhine:
Long ſince, amid theſe wild delights,
The holy Druids held their rites,
And hail'd thy name, Supreme Unknown:
Where wild creation bloom'd or ſhone,
They thought this beauteous ſpot could be
The only temple worthy thee.
Could Art theſe verdant columns toſs,
Enfold them with the velvet moſs;
Breathe o'er the earth this vivid bloom,
Or load the zephyr with perfume,
Or weave the canopy of green,
Or ſhoot ſuch ſplendour thro' the ſcene?
Hail then, ye ſhades! and hail, fair light!
Thou Venus on the couch of night,
The hour of ecſtaſy is thine!
When Poets woo the beauteous Nine;
When Contemplation ſeeks her cell,
And Nature's finer feelings ſwell;
When love-lorn Beauty in the ſhade,
An indolent, a languid maid,

Pours her tormenting weakneſs wild,
At which the world has often ſmil'd;
When ardent Youth, in tranſport drown'd,
Sees ſplendid viſions hover round,
And muſes o'er each faithleſs name,
Of future bliſs, and future fame;
When one unhappy wanders forth,
To loſe the pangs of ſuff'ring worth;
To human pity loſt, forlorn,
And ſeeking refuge from its ſcorn,
How oft his ſoul could burſt each bound,
And deal revengeful juſtice round;
But frowning fate his pride reſtrains,
And loads him with ignoble chains;
Theſe languiſh for the gentle ſcene,
Where Nature ſmiles, and thou art Queen!
Where hopeleſs Mis'ry breathes her ſigh,
Shut from the world's reproaching eye,
Her reſtleſs ſoul in tempeſts toſt,
Her blooming hopes for ever croſt;
With heedleſs ſtep the mourner pale,
Lives on thy light, and loves to wail.

MARIA FALCONAR.

A NEW YEAR's PORTRAIT;

Inſcribed to the ORIGINAL, *wherever it may be diſcovered.*

HE who can throw reflection's eye
O'er the paſt year, nor heave a ſigh,
Let him a brother's failings ſcan,
And mend the heart, but ſpare the man.
Ye good, from this a maxim take,
Pity the frail, for virtue's ſake;
Indulgent Mercy wins a ſoul,
That would not bend to vain controul;
Hold out that reed, by Nature given,
On which our hopes my lean to Heaven:
Theſe are the precious off'rings here,
Theſe the firſt-fruits that hail the Year.
He who will hide the blot he ſaw,
And blind the vengeful eye of law,
Pour prayers to God for him who dwells
In the poor felons deſart cells,
Who balms the wounds of man's diſtreſs,
And by his own, would make it leſs;

To

To all an equal pity gives,
And kindly feels for all that lives:
Him ſhall the changing ſeaſons ſee
Sainted by his own Charity;
Him ſhines that golden ſhield about,
Which ſhuts each human error out:
For him ſhall Heaven a nation ſave,
And take e'en vict'ry from his grave.

HARRIET FALCONAR.

To R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

THE Muſe, who thus devotes her lay,
Forgive,—ſhe ſaw the ſoul of beauty ſhine
Full in the candid eye of Truth,
And caught the theme with warmth divine.
Tho' Genius o'er her early youth
Sheds but a twilight ray,

Yet

Yet let not thy ſuperior fancy ſcorn;
For thus the Lark, with velvet throat,
Mounts on the blooming boſom of the morn,
And hails the Solar God with many a mellow note.

Oh! lead me to the peaceful glades,
Where grey-ey'd ev'ning ſpreads her veil!
Where on its thorn the pale roſe fades,
And tender ſorrow loves to wail;
There let me ſing, where pining love
Steals from the glance of mortal eye,
To heave the deep impaſſion'd ſigh;
Now from the willow wreath that binds her brow,
She ſhakes a drop of baneful dew,
Or weeps, and fondly liſtens to the mournful dove.

In ſcenes like theſe, ſo pure, ſo calm,
Suff'ring Nature's ſofteſt balm,
And Fancy's gentleſt nurſe;
Oh, Solitude! thou oft haſt ſmil'd,
To wake the train of virtues mild,
And dreſs the blooming infancy of verſe:

Meek,

Meek, penſive Goddeſs! bend thine eyes on me,
Guide me to thy hallow'd haunts,
Where the bird of ev'ning chaunts,
There, SHERIDAN, I'll ſtrike the Muſes harp to thee.

There let me ſing the gentles part,
The Sympathy that robes thy heart,
That bids thee bow to Charity divine,
Or on her temple's ſacred floor
The rich libation pour,
Or offer incenſe at her ſpotleſs ſhrine:
Early ſhe fill'd thy ſoaring mind
With gen'rous fire, whoſe magic glow
Led the pale wand'rer from the path of woe,
Brighten'd domeſtic peace, and ev'ry joy refin'd.

Honour is thine, in grace attir'd,
With truth and merit ever charm'd,
By proud oppreſſion's inſult fir'd,
And ſwift at ev'ry ſound alarm'd;
Spurning with pride the ſmile of lawleſs pow'r,
Shrinking from ambition's throng,
Deaf to corruption's ſyren ſong:
Oh Honour, Fame's unfading flow'r,

With

With kindling bluſhes fraught,
Offspring of noble pride, and purity of thought.

But when the Muſe thy fame would ſing,
Oh, let her ſeek the palace proud,
Where pleaſure, pomp, and beauty croud,
And gilded roofs with muſic ring;
There let me gaze:
Where golden cords round marble columns twine,
And canopies of ſtate recline;
Let pleaſure ſing, and grandeur blaze;
And whilſt I catch the Leſbian lyre,
Teach my enchanted ſoul to glow with Sappho's fire.

Such, SHERIDAN, the Muſe ſhould be,
Ordain'd to weave the ſong for thee:
Yet never ſhall thy image riſe,
Where the black-ey'd tempeſt wakes,
And diſcord from her priſon breaks,
But in the ſcene where peace and virtue flies:
With ſoftneſs mild, and majeſty ſublime,
Thy mem'ry dwells to diſtant time;
And ſtill thy form ſhall hover near,
Where Genius lifts his wing, and Pity drops a tear.

To Miss LOUISA COSWAY,

AN INFANT,

The following BAGATELLE *is inſcribed.*

WHEN the note of applauſe would be heard,
As ambitious I ſwept the full ſtring,
How fearful I check'd the fond Muſe,
And plauſively trembl'd to ſing.

Then blame not the tremulous hand,
Which fear'd leſt the noon-beam of youth
Should contemn the pale ſtar-light of praiſe,
That Candour can offer from Truth.

But artleſs and pure is the theme,
And fearleſs I pour it to thee;
For thy ſoul is as ſpotleſs from guilt,
As thy boſom from paſſion is free.

Now the day of thy pleaſures appear,
And the moments look white as they riſe;
They are gay as the ſoft ſimple ſmile
That laughs in thoſe innocent eyes.

Let reflection's firſt voice in thy mind,
Revert to the joys of thy ſtate,
The offspring of virtue and love,
The darling of Nature and Fate.

Bethink thee, ſweet girl, that thy breaſt
No ſtorm of misfortune ſhall know;
Quick fleet from a ſky ſo ſerene,
The ſhadowy phantoms of woe.

'Tis thine, from a parent's full eye,
Replete with inſtruction and truth,
To catch the ſoft feelings of grace,
That ſhall temper the wildneſs of youth.

From him ſhalt thou learn, that the God
Who ſheds his full beam on the juſt,
Condemns the proud error of wealth,
And breaks her falſe hopes in the duſt.

But know, that each pray'r of a heart
Whoſe groan thou haſt ſooth'd as it roſe,
Shall lighten the ſlumbers of earth,
And point thy bleſt feet to repoſe.

That the good are the offspring of Heaven,
That each ſoul from deſtruction you ſave,
Shall weave a ſweet wreath for thy brow,
That will bloſſom to heav'n from the grave.

Ah! here let me pauſe, leſt I fly
Beyond the pure impulſe of truth;
Leſt I catch the fair proſpect too ſoon,
Or raiſe a falſe ſhrine to thy youth.

The feelings that promiſe ſo fair,
May ſhrink in the eye of the throng,
From candour's blunt voice may retire,
Nor wiſh to diſtinguiſh her ſong.

Then go, thou dear Muſe of my heart,
My Louisa's firſt virtues review,
Return with the beauty you ſteal,
And I'll worſhip her ſemblance in you.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

OH! form'd with genuine triumph to poſſeſs
The air of elegance, the charm to bleſs,
Above thy trifling ſex,—the cultur'd mind,
The ſoul heroic, and the thought refin'd,
The animated bloom, where nature glows,
The poliſh'd grace, which happy art beſtows,
Th' engaging ſweetneſs of unconſcious worth,
Unſoil'd by grandeur, or the pride of birth;
On charms like theſe, that bloſſom e'en in age,
Sickneſs and time in vain ſhall ſpend their rage:
Thoſe joys that live with thee, ſhe never knows,
Who ſadly pines o'er the quick fading roſe;
She ſees, and colder ſinks her aching heart,
The laſt faint beams of all her pride depart;
In her mind's void, deſpair creates a ſtorm,
And breathes a gloom ungenial to her form.

Ah!

Ah! fatal contraſt to thy brighter fame,
Where adoration burns no tranſient flame,
Where fancy, guided by her latent ſpring,
Beholds thee ſoaring on ætherial wing,
The ſtar of honour beaming on thy brow,
And love and beauty bluſhing from below.

Hail, happy mirror of a poliſh'd age!
Thou yet fair line in Nature's blotted page!
Gay phantom, floating in the poet's dream,
Soul of his ſong, and parent of his theme;
If wand'ring where the lamp of genius wanes,
Where indolent ſatiety complains,
At thy approach, what ſplendour gilds the gloom,
The Muſes warble, and the Graces bloom;
Nor lovely graceful, or refin'd alone,—
For Nature's ſoft emotions are thine own;
The melting tenderneſs, the charming glow
Of latent ſympathy, inſpir'd by woe,
The mild expreſſion, anxious and ſincere,
Which gilds the glance, and beautifies the tear.

In times for ever loſt, thro' many an age
Of Britain's glory, in its earlieſt ſtage

The tournament was held,—where merit ſhone,
And god-like valour made his proweſs known;
The prize was guarded by a noble dame,
Of worſhipp'd beauty, and diſtinguiſh'd fame;
To her the victor flew, his conqueſt done,
And from her hand th' envied trophy won.

Thus Heaven ſelected thee in life's mild morn,
The world with more than beauty to adorn;
On budding hope the foſt'ring dew to ſhed,
And place the wreath on Merit's infant head;
Let Malice ſtill and pining Envy blame,
They never felt like thee, the gen'rous flame;
They never bath'd the heart's deep wound with balm,
Or bade the ſtorm of agony be calm.

MARIA FALCONAR.

TO

TO THE MOON.

HERE, hail thou melancholy beam!
Sweet, ſilver, wild, romantic light,
That o'er the willow-creſted glade
Peeps thro' the op'ning eye-lid of the night;
Oft by chearful moonlight gleam,
Dimpling light the ſportive ſtream,
I woo young Fancy from the Muſes ſhade,
Where on the white thorn's boſom thrown,
The ſpangling dew-drop lightly ſhone,
Or Philomel beneath thy penſive ray,
Tun'd thro' the night her ſolitary lay.

Oh! madly gazing on thy beam,
Wild wou'd maniac Fancy dream
Of ſcenes that calm'd the wand'ring mind;
And as the willow wreath ſhe wove,
To droop upon the brow of love,
She bar'd her boſom to the ruffian wind;
Her dim eye trac'd the night's pale ſtar,
She ſung—'The woes of death—of war,'
Paus'd o'er a phantom form, to fancy dear,
And from her cold eye ſhook a burning tear.

By thee the Muſe of ſorrow loves to mourn,
Who twines the chaplet for ſome warrior's urn;
And while with ſilver light her wild eye ſhone,
Oft ſwept her ſad harp 'neath the midnight Moon;
E'en when the vap'rous dew of wint'ry night
Dims thy ſoft and ſober light,
Sad Virtue lifts to thee her modeſt eye,
Or in the duſt her holy boſom bends,
While Piety her ſtep attends,
And ever ſmiling Faith, and meek Humility.

The wretch whom penury has caſt,
Shiv'ring to the nightly blaſt,
Who hopeleſs views thy laſt dim light
Shrink from the warring boſom of the deep,
And hears the hollow-ſounding tempeſt ſweep
In ocean's dreary grave:
Or where he watch'd thy waning beam,
Sees the blue meteor's fearful gleam,
As croud the ſhades of darkneſs on his ſight,
Alone, apall'd, the ſtorm to brave,
He bends his damp breaſt in the wave,
And ſeeks in death, a deep, a ſlumb'ring night.

In ſcenes like theſe, the Muſe forgets to ſing,
Rapt contemplation droops her wing,
While horror throws a damp deep gloom around;
Yet ſhall thy nightly beam inſpire
My ſoul with wildly wand'ring fire,
And bid the culprit note of fancy ſound;
Oft from yon moſs-embrowned cell,
In adoration's ſolemn, holy theme,
Shall ſteal thro' each enamour'd dell,
Hail to thy ſilver ſoft inſpiring beam!

HARRIET FALCONAR.

TO

TO THE LATE
LORD HEATHFIELD.

BY admiration's flutt'ring fires beguil'd,
I ſeek the Muſes' grove,—I wander wild
From meek-ſoul'd peace, from ſolitude's mild vale,
Youth's kindred joys, and Hope's enchanting tale,
Fond Fancy's blandiſhments, and Nature's charms,
To wind the foilage round a warrior's arms;
The raſh deſign unequal to controul,
I nurſe this charming phrenzy in my ſoul;
Ruſh with wild ardour on a blaze of fame,
And light the torch of glory at that flame.

Ah, bend thy honour'd eye! nor with diſdain
View Hope aſpiring ruſh thro' ev'ry vein;
Scorn not a Muſe yet young in Nature's law,
And only taught her gentleſt ſcenes to draw;
One, who on trembling pinions dares to ſoar,
Eager, yet too unſkilful to adore;
Soft and ſerene, as Nature had deſign'd,
The beam of Fancy roſe upon my mind;

No lofty ſtrain, no pomp of thought I knew,
Each charm was ſimple, and each tranſport true.

When Vengeance, grumbling in her den below,
Forges the bolt of ruin for a foe;
Or when, with Horror brooding on his creſt,
War ſtalks with blazing eye and rocky breaſt;
Should I to paint the dreadful ſcene aſpire,
My ſoul muſt burn with more than native fire.

Yet with ideas ſo penſive, ſo confin'd,
A beam of ardour breaks upon my mind;
A beam that lights me to that ſcene alone,
Where HEATHFIELD in the bloom of glory ſhone;
Far from the balmy grove of peace exil'd,
To waſte life's ſunſhine in the cheerleſs wild,
Where mortal vengeance all its fury hurl'd,
And mock'd the horrors of a burſting world;
Where proffer'd wealth with awful pow'r combin'd,
To cruſh the courage of one noble mind:
In vain;—thy ſoul with all the hero burn'd,
And, like baſe favour, proud defiance ſcorn'd.
Whence ſprung that ſpirit, from what holy flame,
So faithful to BRITANNIA's ſtruggling fame?

What arm'd thee there, the mingled ſtorm to brave,
When Deſolation howl'd in ev'ry cave;
To ſcorn deceitful Fortune's rougheſt breath,
And grow enamour'd of the monſter Death?
How did ſhe charm? Could Horror wear ſuch bloom?
Strange bride!—the heireſs of a trophied tomb!
No more I aſk,—the motive ſtands confeſt;
Untainted Honour glowing in thy breaſt:
'Twas no exotic, fluſh'd with tranſient prime,
But ſprung ſpontaneous in its natal clime:
'Twas public Virtue, ripe for ev'ry good,
Tho' often nouriſh'd with the dew of blood.
When rais'd—thy arm reveng'd the taunt of pride,
And backward drove Deſtruction's black'ning tide.
So ſtands the rock, by circling ſeas oppreſt,
And breaks each billow daſhing on its breaſt.
Then Freedom hail'd thee ever great and brave,
And Glory ſparkl'd on the white-hair'd wave;
Thine were the conqu'ring arms with trophies hung;
Thine from the barren rock the laurels ſprung.

And oh, in future times, when wand'ring nigh
That rugged ſhore, the Briton turns his eye,

A thrilling

A thrilling ecſtaſy his ſoul ſhall own,
Wak'd by the ſcene where once our HEATHFIELD ſhone;
His pride ſhall finiſh what thy fame began,
And cry, 'my country own'd that god-like Man!'

MARIA FALCONAR.

THE FAREWEL:

TO A LADY.

SWEETEST LUCY! if thy boſom
Ever beat to Friendſhip's glow,
Liſten to this mournful requiem,
Sadly ſweet—luxurious woe.

Lovelier than the ſnow-drop's bloom,
Whit'ning on its lonely bed;
Dearer than affection whiſpers,
Are the hopes thy love has ſhed,

When

When on life's delightful ſummer
Beats the tempeſt, loud and dark,
And the wave of Fortune ſurging,
Breaks my little helpleſs bark:

From the maniac ſcene of pleaſure,
Paſſion's high and giddy ſteep,
On Deſpair's tumultuous ocean,
Shall my boſom wake and weep?

No;—while on this lovely manſion,
Social Virtue ſheds her bloom,
To the lily-crowned boſoms,
Thine and Love's, my heart will come.

There, within the placid ſpirit,
None but peaceful dreams can move,
Softer than the Muſe can paint them,
Floating thro' her ſylvan grove.

Ev'ry fickle breath of folly,
With'ring Virtue's tender flow'r,
Here ſubſide, and melt in æther,
Soft as rapture's halcyon hour.

Ev'n the tender flow'r ſhe foſters,
Ere its fluſhing ſeaſon comes,
Sees her ſweet eye ſmile upon it,
Haſtes to meet her love, and blooms.

Sweetly creeps the woodbine round her,
If a ſorrowing ſigh ſhe breathe;
And to catch the tear ſhe ſmiles thro'
Stoops to kiſs the cheek beneath.

In each dear attentive ſweetneſs,
Grateful Love ſome impulſe ſteals;
And the look that lights each feature,
Its ſilent object only feels.

Here the liſping wave that paſſes,
Dimples lighter as it goes;
On its white and ſilv'ry ſurface,
Lucy's breath a ſweet beſtows.

Here thy little minſtrels, Nature,
Sweetly ſinging to the eve,
From the hand of Lucy's bounty
More than common food receive.

Pilgrims ſweet, your grateful pinions
Flutter welcome to your home,
While you raiſe the ſoul of muſic
Thro' your little ruſtic dome.

Lucy, if the voice of ſweetneſs
Univerſal Nature pours,
Simple Love, and Youth unguided,
Cannot,—dare not dreſs thy bow'rs.

Yet the Muſe, whoſe artleſs labours
Binds her fillet round thy brow,
Gently let thy boſom nouriſh,
Nor bluſh ſo fond a gueſt to know.

Wildly are the weeds ſhe gather'd,
In an artleſs circlet bound,
And the dews of lorn affection,
Gem their fringed cups around.

Take them, then,—the Muſe who wanders
Penſive thro' Reflection's grove,
Bears from Truth the little favour,
Aſks her thanks from Lucy's love.

Harriet Falconar.

To MATTHEW BLOXAM, Esq.

WHEN firſt the infant Muſe eſſays to ſing,
Her theme is Nature, or the charms of Spring;
The grove, the grotto, or the velvet dale,
Teach her ſoft lyre to melodiſe the gale;
But as the young Parnaſſian ſtrays along,
A nobler ſubject elevates her ſong,
Virtue's bright train deſcending from the ſky,
With heavenly beauties ſtrike her artleſs eye;
She ſees the clouds of adoration roll,
And thrilling ecſtaſy diſſolves her ſoul:
Viſions like theſe, as ſpotleſs and as bright,
Warm my fond heart, and charm my mental ſight:
Yet here expreſſion ſpends her force in vain,
She paints but half my feelings in my ſtrain;
And ſhould the God of Verſe this taſk allow,
To weave a blooming wreath for Virtue's brow,
I fear my Fancy and my Taſte are ſuch,
The laurel branch would droop beneath my touch.

Oh Sympathy! than ſeraphs far more fair,
Whoſe voice can calm the tempeſt of deſpair,
Forgive who offers at thy ſpotleſs throne
This ſimple tribute to thy fav'rite ſon;
For him, who ſaw fair Fortune's favours bloom,
Yet ſpurn'd at Pride, and ſought the dungeon's gloom;
Whoſe ear attentive, met Affliction's calls,
And bore her fainting from the mournful walls;
When beauteous Innocence, contemn'd,—diſtreſt,
Survey'd the dagger trembling at her breaſt,
When iſſuing from her lips the plaintive ſtrain
Was loſt in air, and all her tears were vain;
He, like a guardian angel, lent his care,
And ſmooth'd the rugged front of ſtern Deſpair;
There Want, a ſpectre pale, implor'd relief;
There injur'd Worth unboſom'd all her grief;
There frail Mortality diſclos'd her fears,
And own'd each fault with ſad repentant tears;
Alike he calm'd the throbs of Grief and Rage,
The tears of Infancy, and groans of Age;
He bade the vital ſtream of Mercy flow,
To cheer the drooping family of woe.

Oh!

Oh, gentle Star of Peace! whoſe ſacred light
Has darted glory thro' corruption's night,
And paſt its annual courſe,—may one appear,
To ſhine like thee from that diſtinguiſh'd ſphere!
To whom Diſtreſs an eye of hope may raiſe,
And grateful Joy extend the ſong of praiſe;
Beneath its influence ev'ry ſcene ſhall ſmile,
And ſome fond hope the ſharpeſt pain beguile:
Such, BLOXAM thine, the pow'r which heaven ordains;
The bleſſings thine, which bloom on brighter plains;
Yet Truth on earth ſhall long record thy name,
And Virtue ſtamp it with the ſeal of Fame.

MARIA FALCONAR.

A FRAGMENT.

ALONG yon dank cell's viſionary gloom,
Where flit the ſpectres of the tomb,
Where round the dim lamp's ray
The blue and ſickly vapours play,
Where health's bright bud doth wither ere it bloom,
Floated a ſhade of wan deſpair,
Whoſe wild foot preſt the hollow floor:
Thro' her ſad grate, upon the dark-grey wall
The ſhrouded Moon her pearly beam did throw,
I ſaw her white hand preſs her throbbing brow,
Till as ſhe felt her chill tears fall,
She wip'd her damp breaſt with her matted hair;
Then ſadly ſat, and watch'd each gleam
Shed from the pole-ſtar's cheerleſs beam,
And whilom liſt'ning, caught the tempeſt's ſullen roar:
And ſhe was once bright Fortune's queen,
And Pleaſure's gayeſt, fulleſt ſcene
Languiſh'd, if ROSA ceas'd to ſmile;
The ſoul of Muſic fill'd her ſong,
The Heaven-taught accents of her tongue
Could Sorrow of her ſtill ſlow ſigh beguile.

Taſte

Taſte gave each finer feeling ſcope,
And fluſh'd her cheek with vivid hope;
From her full eye reſiſtleſs meanings ſtole,
And her fair face did ſpeak a fairer ſoul.
Her ſire was Honour's proudeſt child,
Whoſe dauntleſs boſom ſcorn'd to bend;
Whoſe feelings ſtrong, impaſſion'd, wild,
Spoke their juſt lord his country's friend;
Soon is the patriot pile o'erthrown,
That lifts its turrets near a throne;
The frown of Pow'r, the voice of Fate,
The menace of offended State,
Alike conſpire to urge his doom,
Whoſe raſh, unhallow'd lips preſume
To blot the page of regal fame;
Ah! could not Rosa's ſoft controul,
Suppreſs in that indignant ſoul
The ſelf-deſtructive flame!
What time the frowning ſhades were ſeen,
Hiding beneath their lids night's beamleſs queen,
Fair Rosa ſought her wonted reſt;
But ſadly ſlumb'ring, ſtarted wild,
Till reſt, ſoft comfort's gentle child,
Folded his wings, and left her woeful breaſt.

Why did ſhe ſink in fearful ſleep,
Then feebly ſhriek, ſhe knew not why?
Why did the ſhade of darkneſs creep
Athwart her fix'd and ſtarting eye?
Her fair white ſoul no guilt oppreſt,
Yet high with horror throbb'd her breaſt,
Prophetic tremours mourn'd around,
Till her ſuſpended heart did ſhiver to the ſound;
But ah! the fatal day-dream came,
The fiends of injur'd pow'r were nigh;
She heard a parent's ſacred name,
And check'd her boſom's boding ſigh;
By tyrant hands ſhe ſaw him led
To the damp dungeon's noiſome tomb,
And ſhar'd with him th' empoiſon'd gloom;
Awhile her dim, dead eye a patient look wou'd ſhed;
Thick fell the heavy damps of night,
And chill'd her uncomplaining breaſt;
But ah! by ſullen pride depreſt,
MONTANO's ſoul deep brooded o'er his wrong;
Yet by the ev'ning ſtar's ſad light,
She ſought to ſooth him with her holy ſong;
But gloomy Madneſs murm'ring there,
Had wove the ſhroud of black Deſpair,

And filial Duty loſt her ſweet controul;
He groan'd impatient mental pain,
And vainly ſhook the human chain
That bound his frantic ſoul;
Oft' would ſhe lift her meek and modeſt eye
To Him, whoſe eye alike pervades
Noon's awful blaze, and midnight's ſhades,
And breathe in pray'r the ſtill expreſſive ſigh;
Then tune her melancholy ſong,
Till the pale mourner's hoary cheek along
A piteous, ſolitary tear would ſteal;
She bathed with tears his glowing breaſt,
And as ſhe huſh'd his woes to reſt,
The conſcious captive ſadly ſeem'd to feel:
Thrice had the Heaven-lit lamp of day
Purſu'd his annual living way,
When ſtarting from Death's fearful dream,
By the wan taper's midnight gleam,
Sad Rosa ſaw, with wild affright,
A parent's life had ſet in night,
The night of Death,—" Sweet Heaven!" ſhe ſigh'd,
" By ev'ry human ſuff'ring tried;
" Save my ſhook ſoul from phrenzy wild,"
The ſuff'rer ſaid, and dimly ſmil'd:

In vain her melancholy mind
Heard his deep moan on ev'ry wind;
Within the den's unwholeſome gloom,
Her white hand rear'd his ſolemn tomb.
Now to the ſwart and wintry morn,
She'll ſing her piteous tale, and weep,
While her ſad tears, of mem'ry born,
Down her white cheek in ſad ſucceſſion creep.
Fair martyr! may thy with'ring breaſt,
No pauſe of conſcious reaſon know;
Ah! may thy ſlumb'ring ſpirit reſt
Within its living tomb of woe,
'Till Death the Phœnix Hope reſtore,
And thy wild breaſt ſhall beat no more;
'Till thro' the miſt of worlds ſhall ſhine,
That ſun which makes a God, a Father thine.

HARRIET FALCONAR.

To A——— B———,

A Gentleman whoſe literary Productions under the Title of CLAUDIO, *merit the higheſt Encomiums for their tendency to promote the* COMMERCIAL INTERESTS *of this Country.*

"HAIL public Zeal!" BRITANNIA cry'd,
When firſt th' attentive maid ſhe ſpy'd
Rehearſing themes of CLAUDIO's fame;
More had ſhe ſaid,—when now a youth,
This way impell'd by gen'rous rage,
Was ruſhing forth to Glory's ſtage,
And by the ſound inſpir'd, advanc'd
With ſparkling eye, and ſoul entranc'd,
To hear the leſſon of inſtructive truth,
And chooſe ſome bright example from the liſts of Fame.

The blooming hero heard the votive lay;
Joy fluſh'd his cheek with ſuch bright bloom,
As beauty wears beyond the tomb,
Or ſparkles on the robe of infant day;

'Twas CLAUDIO's laurel caught his ſight;
" Oh, let me follow CLAUDIO's flight!"
He ſaid, and felt a glow refin'd,
" And like his fate, be mine to ſhare
" Each glorious toil, each virtuous care,
" He merits honour moſt, who nobly ſerves mankind:"

He ſaid, and flew; when thus the Queen of Iſles,
(Her beaming eyes were fraught with ſunny ſmiles,)
Addreſs'd the loyal dame:—
" Oft have I heard my ſons proclaim
" The ſplendid charms of Public Zeal;
" But now, heroic Maid, I feel
" Thy friendſhip and thy pow'r, by CLAUDIO's deed;
" By him, to Commerce 'tis decreed,
" The rolling deep increaſe of wealth ſhall yield:"
She ſaid,—and heav'd with awful grace her blazing ſhield.

BRITANNIA ceas'd:—but her attendant throng
Appear'd in honour of the ſong;
Peace offer'd up a ſilver dove,
And Charity beſtow'd a tear;
Fair Mercy ſhed a look of love,
And dauntleſs Valour ſhook his ſpear;

Commerce bade the vallies ring,
To hail the champion of her cauſe;
Whilſt o'er her head, in ſignal of applauſe,
Imperial Grandeur ſlowly wav'd his ſtarry wing.

Oh forms that bleſs Aonia's plains,
Oh Daughters of Apollo's Mount,
Who fling from each your ſoft, your ſolemn ſtrains,
Wild harp, or mellow lute, nigh Aganippe's fount,
Deſcend! and teach me how to fill
The note of melody with ſkill,
Till Claudio's Muſe be worthy of her theme:
Ah, fruitleſs hope! to me has Fate deny'd
Harmonious taſte, and Fancy's brilliant dream,
No partial Muſe e'er fir'd my ſoul with latent pride.

Yet may ſimplicity and truth
Adorn the ſong of timid youth:
Tho' Elegance neglect my claim,
And Fancy grant not what I chuſe,
Make me but Claudio's Laureat Muſe,
And I ſhall need no prouder name.

Oh, Albion! haply yet on eagle wing,
With eye undazzl'd, ſome bold Muſe ſhall ſoar,
To gaze upon this ſun that gilds thy ſhore,
And with triumphant ardour ſweep the vocal ſtring.

MARIA FALCONAR.

A POEM,

Written on the 1ſt of November, 1790, being the Birth-Day of RICHARD COSWAY, *and* PHILIP DE LOUTHERBOURG, ESQRS.

NATURE too oft her ſportive pencil caught,
And trac'd a form with ſenſe and virtue fraught;
But ere her hand a kindred ſpark inform'd,
Or drew a mind by equal goodneſs warm'd,
Some impulſe wild, ſome ſtrong or wand'ring flame,
Defac'd the fair reſemblance ere it came;

Some

Some ſelf-taught error urg'd a diff'rent ſway,
And ſtrew'd with thorns or flow'rs their ſep'rate way,
Subdu'd the embryo feelings of the ſoul,
And ſtain'd her meaning in th' imperfect whole.

At length the unform'd heap ſhe calmly ſought,
And from the increate, creative caught;
Strew'd them beneath th' inſpiring eye of Heaven,
And ſaw the full, the vital meteor given;
But ere her hand the embryo maſs divides,
Steeps the ſame maſs in Temper's equal tides;
The modeſt Virtues left their noiſeleſs cell,
And bade the poliſh'd duſt with finer feelings ſwell:
Sweet Charity her holy chalice took,
From its full draught the tear of Bounty ſhook,
From her ſoft breaſt that gen'ral peace doth fall,
Which feels not partially, but feels for all:
Next Honour came,—his proud eye beam'd with fire;
Fame ſwell'd her ſong for him, and ſwept her lyre,
The ſhining glory hid his trackleſs flight,
And gave th' unfiniſh'd mind ætherial light.

" Thou bloom-cheek'd angel, Bride of Chriſt deſcend!
" Shadow of God! upon theſe ſouls attend,"

Fair Nature ſaid:—the ſaint-ey'd brightneſs roſe;
Her beaming brow with ſuch effulgence glows,
That Sun, on whom we cannot, dare not gaze,
Had roſe a ſpot, a cloud upon her rays;
The ſelf-rais'd ſubſtance felt a heavenly glow
Of conſcious ſpirit, in its mental flow;
Yet from Religion, pure, reveal'd, and bright,
The human mixture ſhrunk, but caught her light.

Fair roſe each form, illum'd by fairer mind,
By Nature gentle, and by Heaven refin'd;
Each to the holy Maid his boſom bent,
And ſaw her feet with ſilver flow'rets ſprent,
Bloſſoms that ſprung ſpontaneous as ſhe trod,
And blew enamour'd of the beam of God:
With the fair flow'rs of pious, humble Love,
Her lib'ral hand the wreath of friendſhip wove,
And with it tied their ſouls,—ſweet bond of truth!
May thy buds bloſſom in eternal youth!
Ye gales of Paradiſe, with vivid breath
Support them blooming in the vale of Death!

Nor did that Heaven, whoſe ſacred influence ſtole
Thro' the fair texture of each gen'rous ſoul,

Forſake

Forſake them;—in manhood's twilight morn,
Fame ſaw their equal claim to merit born;
The ſelf-ſame Muſe that hung on Cosway's name,
Breath'd thro' her Philip's ſoul the kindred flame;
The firſt gave bloom to beauty,—ſoul to face;
The laſt, from Nature pencil'd Nature's trace:
Each poliſh'd gem that glow'd within, they caught,
And gave a grateful colouring e'en to thought;
Still hand-in-hand their mutual virtues trod,
And paid an equal tribute to their God.

Ere the pale twilight broke the ſtubborn cloud,
And bore the ſleepy ſun-beam from his ſhroud,
" Riſe, fair, ſweet morn!" the Muſe of Nature ſaid,
" And breathe thy ſweeteſt incenſe thro' the ſhade;
" May thy ſun ſmile in ſympathy with man,
" And end the praiſe thy grateful world began!

" Twin ſtars of Heaven, that thro' the miſts of earth,
" Do ſhine diſtinguiſh'd, as your mutual birth,
" Still dare to give Creation's ample claim
" The ſpark you cheriſh'd from her native flame;
" Go, and the pious path you tread purſue,
" To Nature faithful, and to Honour true;

" And

" And know, the pray'r that hails your natal day,
" Gives to the ſun a bright, tho' ſecret ray,
" Whoſe treaſur'd light ſome ſeraph hand ſhall pour,
" Where the pure gold is ſoil'd with droſs no more."

HARRIET FALCONAR.

AN ADDRESS,

Written for, and Spoken at, the Benefit of a DISTRESSED GENTLEWOMAN.

IF Joy e'er mov'd my ſoul in life's career,
I feel impreſt by all its tranſports here;
To meet thoſe eyes which Pity has inform'd,
And ſpeak to hearts by Senſe and Virtue warm'd,
On whom Philanthropy, with hallow'd hand,
Has ſtamp'd the bright inſignia of her band;

To

To you I come, with warm emotions fraught,
From one who cannot thank you as ſhe ought;
The grateful ecſtaſy which you ſupply,
Swells in her heart, and gathers in her eye;
Fain would ſhe ruſh to give it utt'rance here,
And pay the tribute of a joy ſincere;
But ſuch an act her feelings would contend,
And in a tear th' embryo ſentence end:
This happy night your favours are addreſt,
To court the ſtranger comfort to her breaſt,
The ſenſe of paſt enjoyments to renew,
That riſe progreſſive to reflection's view;
Fair quiet's long loſt bleſſings to diſplay,
And gild the ſhade of life's declining day.
Her mind recoils to that delightful age,
When firſt ſhe trod the world's deluſive ſtage,
When flow'ry Pleaſure dreſt the chearful morn,
And freſh'ning dew-drops ſpangled ev'ry thorn;
Each ſcene unfolding, kindled new deſire,
While Fancy's golden pinions fann'd the fire;
Parental fondneſs in its fulleſt glow,
Shut from her ſoul the fears of future woe;
To each idea gave an ample ſcope,
And nurs'd the blandiſhments of youthful hope.

But Sorrow ſoon thoſe lovely phantoms chac'd,
And left her ling'ring in a barren waſte;
Helpleſs, betray'd, ſhe found herſelf too late,
And trembled as the tempeſt ſhook her fate;
Swiftly ſhe ſunk from life's meridian bloom,
And ſigh'd for refuge in the joyleſs tomb;
Yet Fate ſevere, deny'd her ſad requeſt,
She liv'd deſpis'd, neglected, and diſtreſt;
No guardian friend from inſult ſought to hide
This feeble victim of deſpair and pride;
Sickneſs and pain by turns convuls'd her frame,
Which ſerv'd to feed the ſlow conſuming flame;
Her ſuff'ring heart from all repoſe retir'd,
Each proſpect ſadden'd, and each hope expir'd;
The paſt was lovely, only to deplore,
The future dreadful, to diſtract her more:
In ſuch an hour, which ſeem'd from joy ſo far,
Broke thro' the dreadful miſt her guiding ſtar;
A few, with ſouls to friendſhip's taſk inclin'd,
By Nature ſoften'd, humaniz'd, refin'd,
Conſpir'd to ſhield her from a fate ſo rude,
And blunt the ſhafts of keen ingratitude;
From them, her ſole ſupport ſhe long has ſhar'd,
For them, has Heaven her ceaſeleſs bleſſings heard.

You,

You, gen'rous ſtrangers, claim the next appeal
Of ardent gratitude, and earneſt zeal;
Her thanks are poor,—this humble wiſh receive:
Enjoy ſuch bleſſings,—as theſe bounties give.

MARIA FALCONAR.

A SONG.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray
The Sun returning, cheers the day;
Awake!—the balmy zephyr blows,
The hawthorn buds, the daiſy glows,
The trees regain their wonted pride,
The turtle woos his tender bride;
To love the warbler tunes his ſong,
And forth in dimples glides along.

O more than blooming daiſies fair,
More fragrant than the vernal air,

More gentle than the turtle dove,
Or ſtreams that murmur thro' the grove!
Bethink thee,—all is on the wing,
Theſe pleaſures wait on waſting ſpring;
Then come; the tranſient bliſs enjoy,
Nor fear what fades ſo ſoon, will cloy.

JULIET FALCONAR.

A SONG.

TO BATH,

PROUD palaces, and blooming glades,
Soft Avon, and thy kindred ſhades,
Hail mingling beauties, hail!
Where from the diſtant landſcape brought,
With balmy treaſures richly fraught,
Wantons the muſky gale.

Where Art and Nature, whilſt admir'd,
With equal envious ardour fir'd,
The prize of pow'r contend;
And iſſuing from the happy ſtrife
Of rural and of poliſh'd life,
Each beauty ſeems to blend.

Art, ſtately as the full-blown morn,
Bends all around an eye of ſcorn,
Yet awful and ſublime;
She dares the win'try blaſt to blow,
And fears but beauty's common foe,—
The diſtant ſtroke of Time.

But Nature ſports each milder grace,—
A ſmiling, blooming, dimpled face,
A ſoften'd, artleſs pride;
Her limbs the ſimpleſt veſtments fold,
Her gloſſy hairs unbraided gold,
With fragrant flow'rets tied.

Here paſſion feels a tranſient reſt,
Her once inflam'd, her throbbing breaſt,

Burns only to admire;
O'er ſadneſs ſtealing ſoft controul,
Forgetful of her heavy ſoul,
She lifts an eye of fire.

And when I leave this ſmiling ſky
For other ſcenes,—my parting eye
Shall linger on the view,
To where the ſoul of tranſport thrills,
Oh palaces, and heaven-topt hills,
My heart ſhall ſigh—Adieu!

MARIA FALCONAR.

EPITAPH,

EPITAPH,

Written on the AUTHOR'S FATHER.

THAT heart which warm'd the mould'ring duſt below,
Broke thro' life's barrier in a throb of woe;
Lov'd, holy duſt! long to oblivion given,
Whoſe ev'ry atom bore the ſtamp of Heaven.
Reader, if all that could adorn life's ſphere,
By mortals idoliz'd, to angels dear,
Could not preſerve him from its ills,—muſt thou
Prepare to meet them with undaunted brow.
Too ſtrong awhile to ſink, too proud to yield,
He fell a vet'ran in misfortune's field;
Death, ſympathizing Death, his wrongs redreſt,
And bore the ſuff'rer to a Saviour's breaſt.

MARIA FALCONAR.

POLY-

POLYGRAPHY,

A POEM.

MELODIOUS Maids, in whoſe romantic cell
The blooming progeny of Fancy dwell,
Who touch in fairy bow'rs the mellow lute,
To ſooth Attention where ſhe wanders mute;
Who ſtudious ſketch the forms of ev'ry age,
And ſwell the beauties of the claſſic page,
Dictate a tribute, to that genius due,
Which lifts my heart to ecſtaſy and you.

Reign, happy Art, with ev'ry triumph grac'd,
Who giv'ſt to deathleſs fame the work of taſte;
Whatever charm the glowing pencil drew,
To touch the heart, and captivate the view,
What elſe had ſunk in Time's oblivious tomb,
Shall riſe with thee in renovated bloom.

Here admiration ſtrays with doubtful ſtrife,
The portrait and the landſcape glows with life;

From Alpine hills the echoes ſeem to roam,
Of torrents ruſhing in eternal foam;
There Nemi's lake, within whoſe gloſſy tide
The foreſt waves, that ſhades the mountain's ſide,
The burniſh'd billows ſwell'd with breezy ſighs,
The cloudleſs ſplendour of Italian ſkies,
Where ev'ry object, cloath'd in Nature's prime,
Breathes forth the beauty of the charming clime;
Then dread Veſuvius, from whoſe awful caves
Ruſh ſpiry flames,—while on its neighbouring waves
The moon-beam wantons with the gentleſt grace,
And cheers the native horrors of the place;
From theſe, retiring Fancy loves to reſt,
Where lifts the morning hill its azure breaſt,
Where partial radiance gilds th' quiv'ring glade,
And Gothic turrets peep above the ſhade;
Still objects riſe, that boaſt the nameleſs charm
To mock deſcription, beautiful and warm,
Still admiration lives, thro' proſpects chang'd,
By genius fir'd, and elegance arrang'd.

No more the trophies of the artiſt's name,
Theſe honours blooming in the ſmile of Fame,

The ſkilful colouring, and the ſtroke ſublime,
Shall vaniſh in the blight'ning frown of Time;
Here POLYGRAPHY ſpreads her ſhelt'ring wing,
That wintry ruin ſoftens into Spring,
Her magic touch reſtores each fainting trace,
And ev'ry object glows with heighten'd grace:
Fair ſiſter of the Arts, whoſe genial ſmile
In youthful ſplendour cheers this favour'd iſle,
Whoſe day of excellence has dawn'd ſo fair,
On thee ſhall Admiration ſpend her care,
Thro' ages yet unknown, thy future fame
Shall gild with blooming honours many a name,
Of ſouls by genius, and by ſcience taught,
To raiſe and cultivate th' embryo thought;
Invention's wond'rous ſyſtem to refine,
And ſtamp perfection on a form like thine.

MARIA FALCONAR.

A Short

A Short EPISTLE *of* ADVICE *from* WESTMINSTER-HALL;

Written extempore at the Delivery of Mr. BURKE's *laſt Charge,*
and inſcribed to PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

WHERE the banners of Juſtice were hov'ring on high,
And the ſoul of attention had kindled each eye,
Where *thy Arbiters, Honour*, with Candour profeſt,
To the terrors of Vengeance would bare ev'ry breaſt,
Had thy Pegaſus bore thee on rhapſody's wing
Of eloquent EDMUND to wonder and ſing,
Hadſt thou ſeen how with joy he would chuckle and grin,
When he drew the great Begum,—a dealer in Gin;
How the pregnant lip thirſted with hopes to revile,
And Wiſdom was tortur'd to conquer a ſmile;
The tale was wound up to WARREN's fair Miſs,
The Judges frown'd no,—but he menac'd yes, yes!
When he giggl'd with Fancy,—the Bench all look'd glum,
And LAW the ſublime, bit and worry'd his thumb:

The dark ſtream of ſatire had flow'd from thy pen,
That *Lettre de Cachet* of merit and men;
Thy pencil of wit ev'ry portrait can hold,
And caſt even Wiſdom in Ridicule's mould.

But no ſatire ſhould live on a PINDAR's bright page,
That marks with contempt the weak foible of Age;
Of general guilt may the Satiriſt ſing,
But caſt not a ſhade on the worth of thy King:
When loſt in the ſplendour of Fancy's wild dream,
Tho' we ſmile at thy wit,—we condemn thy wit's theme;
The wound of reproof, when directed with ſkill,
May bind lawleſs paſſion, and fetter the will;
But if idiot malice that candour betray,
The world muſt ſuppoſe you far meaner than they;
While the dart that muſt rankle in guilt's blotted name,
Will bind on thy brow the juſt laurel of Fame.

HARRIET FALCONAR.

To Miss G——.

BRIGHT fair! for whom the flow'rs of genius ſpring,
Whoſe ſplendid worth a nobler Bard ſhould ſing;
The boldneſs of a ſimple Muſe allow,
Whoſe magic fillet binds my youthful brow:
When on the banks of Delaware you ſung
Harmoniouſly the peaceful ſcenes among,
Taſte and attention prais'd each ſprightly note,
As on the gale thy muſic learn'd to float;
Pure veſted Virtue rais'd her penſive head,
And Vice and Folly from thy ſatire fled:
Tho' the deſtructive hand of rival ſtrife,
Blaſted awhile the pleaſures of thy life,
Tore thee, long ling'ring o'er the lovely bow'rs,
From each companion of thy youthful hours;
We bleſs the dangers you were doom'd to ſhare,—
They gave a treaſure to Britannia's care.

Welcome, thrice welcome to our favour'd iſle!
Still round thy ſteps may admiration ſmile;

Fame ſtill attend you as you move along,
The pride, the ſpirit of the ſplendid throng;
Long may thy pleaſing accents charm the ear,
And Folly learn thy keen reproach to fear;
Each Muſe to celebrate thy praiſe combine,
In ſweeter ſtrains, and equal warmth with mine.

MARIA FALCONAR.

TO MRS. MARY D. BLACKETT,

In Anſwer to her POETIC EPISTLE.

SWEET chauntreſs! were thy humble cell
Some ſtraw-topt cot, whoſe lonely door
The tufted thiſtle crept around,
And the green ſwarth blew coldly on its floor;

Yet

Yet there, if Reſignation ſmil'd,
Pale-ey'd Misfortune's laſt lone buoy,
Embrac'd the lowly duſt, and look'd
More ſweetly chearful than ungrateful Joy.

Meekly ſhe ſits and woos the Muſe,
While tumult's wave breaks harmleſs by,
And ſweeps the ſtring of Nature's lyre,
And breathes the tender ſigh of Charity.

Yes, I will come; and my ſad ſoul
Shall read her pilgrim page, and learn
That preſent faith is future bliſs,
And man who hopes to ſmile, muſt ſtoop to mourn.

Yet hope not from my hand to learn
The high-ton'd ſong of idiot mirth;
Mine is the reed whoſe ſimple note
Gives the long pathos of reflexion birth.

Tho' drear Miſanthropy, on me
Her baneful vapours never ſhed,
Nor ſhut my heart to ſocial love,
Or bound her deadly nightſhade round my head.

But

But the full perſpective of Life,
Where error points the path to woe,
May wake the Muſe's patriot ſong,
May bid her lyre with moral ardour glow.

Our minſtrel harps ſhall cheer the eve,
Shall tune the requiem hymn of worth,
Or from her pure, her native note,
Shall give the Sapphic ſtrain of ſorrow birth.

Then hang them on the weeping thorn,
And feel a fond, but vain deſire,
That Truth might feel the ſmile of pow'r,
And give the Muſe her once unbiaſs'd lyre.

My wild romantic youth from thee
Shall learn a graver, calmer theme;
Awhile thy weary mind, from mine,
May catch the forms of Fancy's glowing dream.

HARRIET FALCONAR.

THE

THE TRUTH,

A TALE.

IN Solitude's delightful vale,
Where Nature breaths her moral tale,
A daughter of Simplicity,
Of manners gentle, ſoft and free,
Bloſſom'd the envy of the fair,
The bleſſing of an aged pair;
Beauty ſat ſmiling in her face,
Mellow'd by Virtue's modeſt grace,
The wond'ring Village prais'd her youth,
And once the theme of praiſe,—was Truth.

From ZAIDA's eyes expreſſion ſtole
The language of a guiltleſs ſoul;
Her mind was ſweetneſs, unally'd
To weakneſs, or to ſecret pride;
Her rival beauties rail'd at fate,
But ZAIDA's charms they could not hate,

She plann'd no conqueſt, ſought no fame,
Till, ah, the gay CREVILLON came;
Reſiſtleſs grace adorn'd the youth,
And all he ſaid, was ſimple Truth.

He ſaid ſhe was his boſom's queen,
And peace was loſt to ev'ry ſcene
That ZAIDA left,—her image bright
Fond Fancy rais'd to cheer the night;
His life, his love, his fortune fair,
He felt a wiſh for her to ſhare;
'Twas ecſtaſy if ZAIDA ſmil'd,
Romantic love, and tranſport wild;
Such language ever pour'd the youth,
And yet he told her nought but Truth.

Once, as along the ſhore they ſtray'd,
The moon-beam on the billows play'd,
Evening deſcended—ſolemn, mild;
And univerſal beauty ſmil'd:
CREVILLON rais'd his brilliant eye
With conſcious tranſport to the ſky,
And wiſh'd, if e'er by falſhood borne,
He treated ZAIDA's love with ſcorn,

Heaven's

Heaven's vengeful bolt might ſtrike his youth:
'Twas then CREVILLON ſtray'd from Truth.

Three moons had wan'd ſince ZAIDA's breaſt
With fondly ſmiling hope was bleſt;
To future ſcenes her fancy flew,
And all was Heaven before her view;
CREVILLON's love, his nuptial bond,
And dear ſociety beyond;
But ſoon ſhe wak'd to ſad alarms,
He left the ſcene and ZAIDA's charms,
Report with falſhood charg'd the youth,
And even ZAIDA fear'd 'twas Truth.

Now thro' the midnight gloom ſhe pour'd
Wild plaints for him her ſoul ador'd;
The crimſon morning's mantling flame
She ſaw,—but no CREVILLON came.
In vain ſhe ſtrove to check each tear,
The baſe apoſtate yet was dear;
Her heart was tun'd to ſorrow's note,
She heav'd a ſigh, and thus ſhe wrote
A meſſage to the faithleſs youth,
From weeping Love, and injur'd Truth:

" Say, dear CREVILLON, doſt thou fly
" From Honour's voice, and ZAIDA's eye?
" What has ſhe done? alas, return!
" Our groves are ſad while you are gone;
" The roſe you gave, which ZAIDA wore,
" Has wither'd,—yet you bring no more;
" Nor was our fruit ſo ſweet, methought,
" As that which once CREVILLON brought:
" Alas! the reſt:—return, dear youth,
" To Love, to Innocence, and Truth."

With mingled pangs the writer mourn'd;
CREVILLON read, and thus return'd:
" Ceaſe, gentle ZAIDA, to deplore
" A heart which beats for thee no more;
" I thought thee once ſupremely dear,
" Thyſelf, thy charms, I yet revere;
" Adieu! we muſt for ever part;
" A brighter form enſlaves my heart:
" Forgive,—forget,—ſome nobler youth
" Shall merit ZAIDA's Love and Truth."

CREVILLON choſe the blooming bride,—
The injur'd ZAIDA droop'd and died.

And you, ye fair, who mourn her fate,
Retreat with caution ere too late;
Truſt not too far the warring ſoul,
Which acts from paſſion's wild controul;
No ſenſe of honour, nobly ſtrong,
No conſcious ſhame of acting wrong,
Support its faith;—oh, ſhun that youth,
For danger lurks beneath his Truth.

MARIA FALCONAR.

A Paraphraſe of the third Chapter of Proverbs.

SON of my love, attend the voice of Truth,
And let thy parent ſmooth the wilds of youth;
Let thy pure heart his mild commands obey,
Who lights thy path with Honour's votive ray;
So ſhalt thou calmly bleſs the lapſe of time,
Nor bluſh in age to contemplate thy prime:

The

The flow'rs of Heaven ſhall bloſſom on thy breaſt,
And thornleſs roſes ſtrew thy path to reſt;
Lift thy meek ſoul to God, whoſe awful eye
Regards the pray'r of low humility;
Let thy juſt hand, fair Mercy's temper'd law
On the white tablet of thy boſom draw;
Make God thy friend,—his will thy wiſdom too,
And all his laws have ſanction'd, dare to do;
So ſhalt thou lift thine eye in life's decreaſe,
To preſent honour, and to future peace.

Oh! be his light thy life's unvary'd guide;
His hand ſhall blunt the thorns of human pride:
Let not vain Nature tell thee thou art wiſe,
And on thy mind the light of Heaven ſhall riſe;
In mute ſubmiſſion bow thy modeſt breaſt;
The man whom God afflicts, is more than bleſt.
Know his ſtrong eye thro' unborn ages gleams,
And own the ſentence juſt his wiſdom deems.
Pour at his throne the ſweet increaſe of Spring,
There the Earth's firſt, and faireſt off'rings bring;
So ſhall thy lands the throne of plenty be,
And flushing Summer fill her lap for thee;

So

So ſhall the harveſt's teeming fruit be thine,
And thy full preſſes burſt with gen'rous wine.
Woo Wiſdom to thy ſoul,—a heaven-led maid;
Be at her ſhrine thy mind's young tribute paid;
To her be honour, love, attention given;
The voice of Wiſdom calls the ſoul to Heaven.
Not the full poliſh'd gem, whoſe regal rays
Would emulate yon ſun's ſuperior blaze,
Can with her brow's effulgent glory vie,
Or match the holy brightneſs of her eye;
In her right-hand ſweet ſmiling Age is ſeen,
Her left with Honour crowns his holy mien;
Her way ſweet Peace does reach thy noiſeleſs cell,
Where chearful, virtuous Pleaſure loves to dwell;
The Tree of Life doth flouriſh at her feet,
Beneath whoſe ſhade the modeſt Virtues meet;
Her brow doth bloom with Eden's matchleſs roſe,
And from her lip the lighten'd Goſpel flows;
When her great Father gave Creation birth,
By her he fix'd the pillars of the Earth,
By her juſt hand he meaſur'd out yon Deep,
And call'd young Nature from her death-like ſleep;
She bade the night-dew drop from miſty clouds,
Whoſe pearly veils mild Luna's beauty ſhrouds;

Wild

Wild Chaos bow'd his old miſhapen breaſt,
And awe-ſtruck, ſhrunk to deep eternal reſt.
If once thy ſoul her ſacred ſmile do gain,
Nor feel, nor fear, my ſon, an earthly chain;
Fearleſs thy foot the Sinner's path may preſs,
The curſe that leaves his lip, thy heart ſhall bleſs;
A viſion'd Heaven ſhall chear thy happy night,
And morning ſhine to bleſs thee with its light.
Calm let thy ſoul the gen'ral judgment ſee,
The ſtorm that wrecks the guilty, ſhrinks from thee;
Why ſhould his ſpirit fear Deſtruction's nod,
Who claims his ſafety from the ſmile of God.
Evaded Charity is guilt's pretence,
Let not thy hand a ſcanty good diſpenſe;
Know, he but lightly treads Devotion's way,
Whoſe paſſive feelings ſhed an equal ray.
Let not thy boſom know a weak deſire
For the bland draughts that feed Oppreſſion's fire;
The ſplendid robe which veils his worſhipp'd form,
Ill ſuits a breaſt with guilty paſſions warm;
Well may he Heaven's impending juſtice fear,
Who dreads a curſe in many a ſuff'rer's tear;
For know, ye proud, a pang was never given
To one poor breaſt, whoſe murmurs reach'd not Heaven;

Scorn to the ſcorner God's juſt wrath ſhall give,
While on his mercies modeſt faith ſhall live;
Shame to the fool of Vice!—but Wiſdom's name,
By Virtue's right her promis'd Heaven ſhall claim.

HARRIET FALCONAR.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

THOU Queen of languid woe!
Methinks I mark thee muſing nigh,
The livid lip, the freezing eye,
Revealing thy pathetic tale,
Whilſt o'er thy cheek, ſo cold, ſo pale,
The culprit tear ſteals ſlow.

Ah! by that look ſo ſtill,
Deeply ſure thy heart repoſes,
And each ſenſe of ſorrow loſes;
Now it beats in mournful meaſure,
Cold alike to pain or pleaſure,
Unguided by thy will.

Thee oftimes have I ſeen
In yet more ſolitary plight,
Waſting the lonely hour of night,
When her brilliant fires we view,
Gleaming thro' the concave blue,
Magnificence ſerene.

There did thy glances roam,
Where the wild wind's ceaſeleſs power
Combats with the crazy tower,
And the warring ſurges hoar,
Break upon the flinty ſhore,
In wreaths of circling foam.

Now

Now ſunk in ſullen pride,
She wanders thro' the mazy gloom,
Till all her peaceful hopes conſume;
Then ruſhing to her final reſt,
She ſeeks the mangled, burning breaſt
Of impious Suicide.

I tremble at the deed;
Oh, never in an hour ſevere,
Whilſt thro' life's troubled ſea I ſteer,
And the tempeſt rude and dark,
Roars loudly round my helpleſs bark,
May ſuch a calm ſucceed.

Thou black Diſparity!
Ne'er floating down thy fatal tide,
May I from Peace and Virtue glide;
Or with Miſanthropy retire,
And trample on the ſacred fire
Of human Charity.

MARIA FALCONAR.

SONNET TO HOPE.

OH Fortune's fair and ſoothing child!
Seek not my woes to ſoften,
Thy gentle ſtrains, thy fancies wild,
Have lull'd my ſoul too often.

Deluder, fly!—tho' long thy art
Has flatter'd my diſtreſſes,
Nor cling thus fondly round my heart,
I ſpurn thy falſe careſſes.

Yet ſtay;—I love thy language ſo,
That gazing o'er each feature,
Methinks I mark the artleſs glow
Which ſprings from Truth and Nature:
Ah, if thou know'ſt ſo ſweetly to deceive,
Still may'ſt thou flatter, and I ſtill believe.

MARIA FALCONAR.

TO THE
QUEEN.

OH thou! whom ſplendour and a throne remove
Far from the Muſes vagrant flight,
Yet, wilt thou wear the poſy tied by love,
Of jaſmine pure like thee, and ſnow-drops white?

Not for the regal honours on thy brow
My paſt'ral lute is ſtrung;
Fear never gave its honeſt tribute birth,
To ſweet domeſtic love the ſimple lay is ſung.

And there thy parent eye a look will give,
Ah ſpare the unworthy lay!
Thou, who to life's beſt ends haſt dar'd to live,
Will pluck the thorn from my bewilder'd way.

Ye Houri train, who float upon my dreams,
Young Spring with half-clos'd eye,
Upon whoſe lid the morning dew-drop beams,
Shall drop your garlands nigh.

Here bright Hope from her ſtarry wings
  Shakes the light ſhow'r of gold,
And round the boſom of enjoyment flings
  Soft expectation's future fold.

Fair Pleaſure dimpling her ſweet cheek,
  To lure dull Apathy within her toils;
White Innocence, gay, tender, meek,
  Whoſe cheeks are wreath'd with ſmiles.

Sweet Senſibility, her æther eyes
  Fix'd on ſome glimm'ring ſtar,
With'ring her heart with piteous ſighs,
  And paſſion's ſilent war.

Cherub of Heaven, thy feelings of delight
  May thy own CHARLOTTE feel!
The tear of joy, th' expreſſion bright,
  Half ſtudying to conceal.

Yet breaking quaintly, like the ſilver Moon,
  Thro' the dark paſſing cloud;
Then ſhrinking back, as tho' too ſoon
  The chearing beam had left its ſhroud.

Oh,

Oh, QUEEN!—nor do I hail thee by that name,
But as the Queen of worth,
Whoſe boſom vibrates to each noble claim
That gives to virtue birth.

Not all the gayer colourings of the Muſe,
From Fancy's airy throng,
Can tinge my chaplet with the Spring's ſoft hues,
If thou reject my ſong.

But at affection's fonder call,
They mutually ſhall raiſe the eye of love,
Bid on thy head their laurels fall,
And round thy ſteps enraptur'd move.

For ſtill the bright reflection of thy mind,
Tints thy mild cheek with bloom,
More bright than beauty's roſe, refin'd
By love's creative loom.

Oh, mental lilly! what a ſilver light
Illumes thy ſov'reign breaſt,
And on thy leaves of white,
Hangs the pure pearl of inward reſt.

Light

Light hours, gay, silver-wing'd, serene,
Round thy soft slumbers fly;
And filial love's seraphic mien
Illumes with joy thy fond, maternal eye.

Not the successless wish, the humble hope,
Thy gentle hand will spurn;
'Tis adoration points their faithful scope,
Nor shall its object the soft pray'r return.

Oh raise the knee that inauspicious bends
For blessings on thy worshipp'd head;
The still, small voice of meekness, Heaven attends,
And to my pray'r Elysia's dews shall shed.

Thy hand with Honour's bloom can crown the Muse,
Thy smile give Virtue's best emotions birth,
Nor will thy mind to her that smile refuse,
Who emulates that mind's superior worth.

HARRIET FALCONAR.

FINIS.